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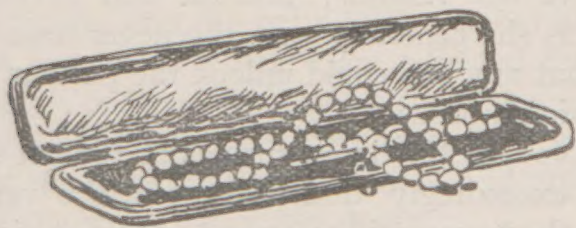
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# THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

MARCH 1924

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.



## The Suspicious Jackdaw

THERE never was a more suspicious mortal in this world than old Madam Mortimer, unless it was Madam Mortimer's jackdaw. To see him peep about, and turn his head on one side as if to listen, and go and stand on the edge of her desk with his bright eye fixed on her letters, and then flutter to her wardrobe, and peer behind her cabinets, as if he suspected that in cracks and crevices, under tables and behind screens, there must be other daws hidden, who would interfere with his particular interests, or listen to the remarks made to him when he and his mistress were alone, or find the bits of crust that he had stowed away for his own eating; to see all this, I say, was quite as good amusement as to see old Madam Mortimer occupying herself in the same way, indeed quite in the same way, considering the different natures of women and jackdaws.

Sometimes Madam Mortimer would steal up softly to her door, and turn the handle very softly in her hand; then she would open it just by a little crack and listen till she must have had the earache; but generally after this exercise she would return to her seat, saying aloud, as she took up her knitting, "Well, I declare, I thought that was the butcher's boy talking to cook; an idle young fellow, that he is; brings all the gossip of the village here, I'm certain. However, this once I'm wrong; it's only gardener sitting outside the scullery, helping her to shell peas. He had better be doing that than doing nothing—which is what most of his time is passed in, I suspect."

Here the jackdaw would give a little croak, to express his approval of the sentiment; whenever his mistress finished a speech, he made a point of either croaking or coughing, just like a human being. The footboy had taught him this accomplishment, and his mistress could never help laughing when she heard him cough. No more could little Patience Grey, who was Madam Mortimer's maid. She was very young, only fourteen, but then Madam Mortimer suspected

that if she had an older maid she should have more trouble in keeping her in order; so she took Patience from school to wait on her, and Patience was very happy in the great old silent house, with its long oaken galleries; and as there really seemed to be nothing about her for either Madam Mortimer's or the jackdaw's suspicion to rest upon, she was very seldom scolded, though sometimes when she came into the parlour looking rather hot and breathing quickly, her mistress would alarm her by saying, "Patience, you've been skipping in the yard. You need not deny it, for I know you have."

Here Patience would answer, blushing, "I just skipped for a few minutes, ma'am, after I had done plaiting your frills." "Ah, you'll never be a woman," Mrs. Mortimer would answer, "never! if you live to be a hundred." And it did not enter into the head of little Patience that her mistress could see everything that was done in the yard, and how she sometimes ran and played with the house dog under the walnut-trees, the two old walnut-trees that grew there; and how she played at ball in the coach-house, when she had finished all her needlework, while the little dog, and the big dog, and the big dog's two puppies, sat watching at the open door, ready to rush in and seize the ball if she let it drop. It never entered into her giddy head that her mistress could see all this, for her mistress sat in a large upper parlour, and through one of its windows overlooked the yard; the blind was always drawn down, and how could Patience suppose that her mistress could peep through a tiny hole in it, and that she did this continually, so that not a postman could politely offer an orange to the housemaid, nor she in return reward him with a mug of beer, without being seen by the keen eyes of Madam Mortimer.

Patience on the whole, however, fared none the worse for being watched—quite the contrary; the more the jackdaw and his mistress watched her, the fonder they grew. She was such a guileless little maid that they liked to have her in the large old parlour with them, helping Madam Mortimer with her needlework, and letting the jackdaw peep into her workbox. One day, when Patience was sent for to attend her mistress, she found her with the contents of an old cabinet spread open before her; there were corals with silver bells, there were old silver brooches, and there were many rings and necklaces, and old-fashioned ornaments that Patience thought extremely handsome; in particular, there was a cornelian





necklace made of cut cornelians, which she considered to be particularly beautiful; so did the jackdaw, for when Madam Mortimer allowed Patience to wash this necklace in some warm water, he stood on the edge of the basin pecking at it playfully, as if he wanted to get it from her. Patience would not let him have it, and when she had carefully dried it she laid it on some clean cotton wool, and said to the jackdaw, "You are not going to have it, Jack. It's the most beautiful thing that mistress has got, so I reckon she'll never let you touch it."

When Madam Mortimer heard this, she smiled covertly at the ignorance of Patience, and presently said to her, "Child, you may go down and ask for a piece of leather and some rouge powder, and I will show you how to clean this set of emeralds."

So Patience ran down to the footboy, and got what she required, and very happy she was under her mistress's directions in polishing and cleaning the jewels—quite as happy as she could have felt if they had been her own; yet, when Madam Mortimer said to her, "Which do you think the handsomest now, Patience; the green stones, or the red ones?" she replied, "Oh, the red ones are the handsomest, ma'am, by a deal."

Just at this moment visitors were announced, and Madam Mortimer retired to her own room previous to seeing them, taking Patience with her to attend on her, and see to the set of her lace shawl, and of a new cap that she donned for the occasion. She turned the key of the parlour where all her jewellery lay about, and the jackdaw, as he hopped with her out

of the room, coughed approvingly at the deed, in a manner as expressive as if he had said, "Who knows whether all the people about us are honest?"

The old lady put the key into her basket, but, strange to say, she forgot her basket, and left that in her bedroom with Patience, while she went down to receive her visitors; and all that evening, suspicious as she generally was, she never once remembered that any one could unlock the parlour door by means of this basket.

Now Madam Mortimer, suspicious though she was, had an exceedingly kind heart, and she very often allowed the housemaid to attend on her at night, that Patience might go to bed early, as befitted her age. The visitors stayed late, but at nine the drawing-room bell was rung, and orders were sent out that Patience was to go to bed; so as it was the full of the mid-summer moon, she stole upstairs without a candle, and when alone in her little garret it was quite light enough for her to examine various little treasures that she kept in her box. She was busy so doing, when Jack flew in at the open window, and lighted on her feet as she knelt, then fluttered on to her shoulder, and peeped down at her treasures, and began to make a great croaking and chattering. Patience thought he was more than usually inquisitive that night, and I am afraid he somewhat interfered with her attention while she was reading her chapter, for he would not let her pincushion alone, but would persist in pulling out the pins, and dropping them on to the floor, listening with his head on one side to the slight noise they made when they fell. At last he flew out at the window. And what did he do next?

Why, he did not go to roost, as he would have done if he had not been for so many years accustomed to civilized society, but he flew once or twice round the house to see that other birds were asleep, and not likely to watch his movements, and then walked cautiously to a certain crevice, where he kept a few dozens of nails, that he had picked with his beak out of the carpet, and a good many odds and ends of ribbon, bits of worsted, farthings, and broken morsels of crockery, that he valued highly; these he pulled out of the crevice, and then he poked his property with his beak, chattered to it in a very senseless way, walked over it, and finally deposited it again in the crevice, flew down to the side of the house, and entered the parlour where his mistress's jewellery lay.

Here lay the necklace—it looked very pretty—the jackdaw alighted on the table, pecked it as thinking that it might be good to eat, then lifted it up and shook it. At last he flew with it out of the window.

It was still quite light out of doors, and as the necklace dangled from his beak, he admired it very much.





"But what did he want with it?" you will naturally ask. Nobody knows, but this is ascertained—that, finding it heavy, he took it, not to the roof, but to the edge of a deep well in the garden, wherein he had deposited the cook's brass thimble, and several of her skewers; having reached this well, and lighted on the stone brink, he peered down into it, and saw his own image, and the red necklace in his beak; he also saw four or five little stars reflected there, and as it was his bedtime, he dozed a little on the edge of the well, while the evening air waved slightly the long leaves of the ferns that hung over it, and grew in the joints of the stone many feet down.

At last, it is supposed that some such thought as this crossed his brain, "These berries are heavy, and not good to eat; I had better lay them on the water till to-morrow morning."

So he let them drop, and down they fell to the bottom. He had dropped a good many articles before this into the well; some, such as nuts, feathers, and bits of stick and straw, floated; others, like this necklace, had sunk. It was all chance which happened, but he liked to hear the splash of the red necklace, and he stood awhile chattering to himself, with great serenity of mind, on the occasion of its disappearing; then, he went and pecked at the kitchen window demanding his supper.

This is what the jackdaw did; and now what did the mistress do, when she walked to the parlour door the next morning, unlocked it, and found that the red necklace was gone?

She was quite amazed—nobody but Patience could have taken it—little Patience, her good little maid, who had seemed so guileless, so conscientious, and so honest. Oh, what a sad thing it was that there was nobody in the world that she could trust! Patience must have taken the key, and after using it for this bad purpose, must have placed it again in the basket.

But Madam Mortimer was so sorry to think of this, that she decided to let Patience have a little time to reflect upon her great fault, and confess it. So she said nothing to her all the morning, and in the afternoon, peeping through her little hole in the blind, she saw Patience chasing the ducks into the pond, and laughing heartily to see them plunge. "Hardened child," said her mistress, "how can she laugh?—I'll give her warning;" and thereupon she sat down in her easy chair and began to cry. Now, she felt, almost for the first time, what a sad thing it is to suspect a person whom one really loves. She had not supposed how much she cared for this little village girl till she was obliged to suspect her.

This unhappy state of things went on for several days. At last, one evening, Madam Mortimer, happen-

ing to look out at her hole in the blind, saw Patience slowly walking across the yard, and cautiously looking down into her apron, which she had gathered up into her hands. Madam Mortimer felt convinced that the poor child had got the necklace concealed there. One of the housemaids came up, but Patience ran away, and would not let her see what she had got, and seemed so anxious to conceal it, that her mistress drew up the blind, opened the window, and said, in an awful voice, "Patience, come here!" The little girl approached—there was a veranda outside the window, and some wooden steps led up to it. "Come up to me," said her mistress. The little girl said, "Yes, ma'am;" and still holding her apron, turned to enter the door. "No," exclaimed her mistress, "come up these steps; I do not want to lose sight of you." Patience obeyed. Her mistress sat down, and the little maid stood opposite to her.

"Patience," said her mistress, "I have lost my red necklace." The little girl glanced under the table, as if she thought the necklace might have dropped there.

"Do you know where it is, Patience?" was the next question, asked with great solemnity. Patience tightened the folds of her apron, looked earnestly at her mistress, and said, "No, ma'am."

"Poor child," replied Madam Mortimer, shaking her head, and Patience, not appearing to know what she meant, coloured exceedingly, and looked as if she was going to cry. But at last, as her mistress sat in her chair, and did not say another word, she began to steal away till she was arrested by her mistress's voice.

"Come back again, you poor misguided child—come back, and show me what you have got in your apron." As Madam Mortimer spoke she started, for the evening was growing dusk, and when Patience turned, a light, a decided light, gleamed through her white apron.

"Please, ma'am," she said, now holding it open, "it's some glow-worms that old gardener gave me—three glow-worms, and some leaves that I got for them."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Madam Mortimer, when she saw the shining insects slowly moving about on her little maid's apron; but she looked so much less angry than before, that Patience, by way of peace-offering, took up one of her treasures, and placed it, with some leaves, upon the open page of her mistress's great Bible, which lay on a little table by her side.

"You may go now, Patience," said her mistress, quite calmly, and the little girl left the room, while her mistress sat so long lost in thought that it grew quite dusk. "After all," she thought, "that poor child must have been the thief; nobody else could have



stolen the necklace ; but I will still give her time to confess." As she said this she turned towards the Bible, and the glow-worm on the page was slowly moving along it ; the darkness hid every other word, but she read by the light of the glow-worm this verse : " We—do—all—fade—as—doth—a—leaf."

" Too true," said the poor old lady, sighing ; " I feel the coming on of old age very fast, and I could have wished to have somebody about me, however young, that I could trust. My poor little Patience, I will try her a little longer." So saying, the mistress began to doze, and the jackdaw hopped down from the perch where he had been watching her, and when he saw that she was fast asleep, he alighted on the page of the Bible which the shining glow-worm was then illuminating, and pounced upon him and ate him up.

Little Patience carried her glow-worms upstairs, and amused herself with them a long time. That night, however, she was not in such good spirits as usual, because her mistress had been angry with her, and if it had not been for the glow-worms she would have felt very dull indeed.

However, she hung them up in a gauze bag that she had made for them, and long after she was in bed she lay looking at them, but thought they grew brighter and brighter. She fell fast asleep at last, and fast asleep she was when her mistress came into the room with a candle in her hand, and stole up to her bedside.

( To be continued.)



## Motto for March

*Our life is a little holding, lent to do a mighty labour.*

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Sent in by WINIFRED P. GODFREY,  
Valley Girls' School, Bromley, Kent,  
to whom a book prize has been awarded.



## SMILES

*" The happy smiles of the young  
are the sunshine of the old"*



A LADY was showing a visitor the family portraits in the gallery. " That officer there in uniform," she said, " was my great-grandfather. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men. He never fought a battle in which he did not have a leg or arm carried away." Then she added proudly, " He took part in twenty-four engagements."

Sent in by JOSEPH RUSSELL,  
Liscreevaghan, Victoria Bridge, Strabane, Ireland,  
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

MAISIE was at dinner one day, and as the turkey came in the girl said softly,—

" Poor turkey ! How dreadful to be quite full of lovely stuffing and not able to enjoy it ! "

Sent in by ERNEST HAROLD CORDIN,  
Glebe Street, Annesley, Woodhouse, Notts.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE manager of a well-known firm was interviewing applicants for the post of night watchman. He was very hard to please, and always found something wrong with each man—one had brown hair, another squinted, a third was Irish, a fourth too thin, another too short, and yet another too tall.

John Smithers heard of this as he sat in the corridor waiting his turn to be interviewed, and resolved to be prepared for anything. When his turn came, all went well ; there was nothing the matter with him, as far as appearance was concerned.

" Now," said the manager, " is your health quite sound ? "

" Well, sir," replied John, " I have only one complaint."

" What is that ? " said the manager sharply.

" Sleeplessness," came the reply.

Sent in by G. MACDOUGALD,  
" Dunolly," Stanwell Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

✦ ✦ ✦

Old Lady (to beggar at door). " What's this soiled paper ? You'll have to tell me what it says, for I haven't any glasses."

Beggar. " Please, mum, it says I am deaf and dumb, and can you spare a copper or two ? "

Sent in by MAY E. MILLICAN,  
Upper Ardreagh, Aghadowey, co. Derry, Ireland.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN old lady went to a fishmonger's shop to buy some herrings. " Have they roes yet ? " she asked. The shopkeeper replied, " No, they are the same price as last week, madam."

Sent in by HAROLD JONES,  
St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey, Cheshire.



P.J.

## THE SECRET SERVICE BOY

BY LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

## EPISODE II

## THE MAN WITH THE SQUINT

"WHAT is there to go upon? Nothing whatever," remarked Ferguson to his colleague Ambrose in the Mount Street flat, some two days after the events described in the last chapter. "We have to find the list—for *Verzeichniss* apparently means list—of something known as the A.A.N.S. As we haven't the faintest idea of what that may be, we are simply up against a stone wall. Is that kid you picked up of any use whatever as a translator?"

"Yes, little Davenant has his head screwed on the right way. His spelling is a little primitive, and his language more so, but he gives me the sense of what he is translating very efficiently indeed. He is a curiously observant kid, and spotted two things the other day that had quite escaped me. I have an idea that I am going to find P.J. a very useful assistant indeed. He is a nice-mannered little beggar too, and doesn't put on side."

"I must go down to Whitehall. Here is your unintelligible cipher back. You are interviewing those two fishy individuals here, I believe. Perhaps it is wiser. See you this afternoon," and Ferguson went off to his duties elsewhere.

Five minutes later Mr. Davenant burst noisily into the flat.

"So all the work I gave you to do the other day hasn't put you off this job?" inquired Ambrose, after greeting his young friend.

"Rather not, but I wasn't sure whether a Secret Service man oughtn't to come in disguised, or like this," and Mr. Davenant, bending himself double, concealed his face with his arm, and began stalking round the room with the exaggerated stealthiness of a stage conspirator. "One would have to say 'What ho!' or 'I must not be observed,' or whatever detectives say in plays."

"You kid!" laughed Ambrose. "Now serious work, please. Is there any institution, or business concern, known in Germany as the A.A.N.S.?"

"I don't know. You've got me there. You see I was only eight when I left Germany, and of course I didn't hear of those sort of things then."

"Quite so. Then you can't help me over this?"

P.J. shook his head.

"Is it another of those word-puzzles, Mr. Ambrose? Might I have a squint at it?"

Ambrose handed his young assistant a paper marked:—

|         |   |          |
|---------|---|----------|
| XXIII   | 3 | — I      |
| LXVII   | 6 | — 13     |
| XLV     | 6 | + I      |
| XXXIX   | 6 | — 37     |
| LX      | 4 | + 40     |
| XLI     | 6 | + 3 (2)  |
| XXXVIII | 2 | + 11     |
| LXXIX   | 4 | + 16     |
| LX      | 5 | + 26 (2) |
| LXX     | 5 | + 11 (3) |

"It looks just like a blessed algebra problem," grinned P.J.

"There have been nine of these intercepted in the post," explained Ambrose; "or rather nine replicas of the same cipher. The originals have been sent on to their addresses, after the addresses have been carefully noted. Wrigglesworth, our cipher expert, can make nothing of them whatever until he finds out what A.A.N.S. stands for. I was in hopes that you would be able to help me there. Now, P.J., I must turn you out for an hour or so, for I have a man coming to see me here almost immediately. He is what we term 'a shy bird,' and would become suspicious at once if there was a witness in the room, even if it were only a boy of your age. Can you amuse yourself somewhere for an hour?"

"Rather. There's a shop in Holborn Viaduct with the most ripping models in the window. There's always something new. I'll go and have a look at them. I'm most awfully keen on engines, and railways, and trains," and Mr. Davenant made his way to Holborn Viaduct in great spirits.

Upon his return to Mount Street he was stopped by Evans, the lift-man.

"Mr. Ambrose is still engaged, sir," he said. "I was to ask you to wait down here till the gentleman goes."

Now P.J. had a curious knack of making rapid friendships. He began questioning Evans about his five medals, and was soon receiving a most interesting account of Evans's experiences in Egypt, and in South Africa, in every one of which his former regiment seemed to have played the leading part. In five minutes' time the two were on the friendliest of terms. Opposite Evans's box there was a tiled space some twelve feet square, grandiloquently termed "the lounge." It was furnished with three chairs and a large table, heaped up with railway guides, Post Office Directories, and other books of reference. An insignificant-looking man with a dark moustache and a marked squint occupied one of the chairs. He was turning over the pages of a large red-bound book, and making little notes in pencil on a piece of paper. P.J. watched him for some minutes, and possibly allowed his attention to wander from Evans's long-winded reminiscences of his military career. At length, in the middle of a thrilling account of the battle of the Atbara, the astonished Evans received a warning nudge from P.J.'s elbow, and found his narrative interrupted by the irrelevant question, "Are you quite sure, Evans, that you gave me the right time for those Bournemouth trains?" A second nudge prompted the old soldier to answer,



"I think so, sir," but P.J. had meanwhile darted across to the table, where he studied the train-service to Bournemouth as given in the A.B.C. most carefully, allowing his glance to wander to the red-bound volume which the man with the squint was consulting.

Mr. Davenant returned to Evans grinning like a Cheshire cat. A bell rang from above for the lift, which was taken up by Evans's understrapper, a page-boy in buttons with a singularly stupid face. A stranger issued from the lift, and he and the man with the squint went off together, whilst P.J. made his way up to the flat.

"I hope that you were repaid for your walk to Holborn Viaduct," remarked Ambrose. "Any attractive novelty in the way of model locomotives?"

"Oh yes! A perfectly clinking model of a Great Western 4.4.0 City class, with taper boiler; but I was thinking of something else. Might I have another look at that algebra problem cipher, please?"

P.J. went into the window and selected a large red-bound book from the shelf. He then took pencil and paper, and began rucking his thick yellow hair into a tangle.

At the end of a quarter of an hour he shouted out, "Got it!"

"Whatever has taken you, P.J.?" asked Ambrose in some surprise.

Mr. Davenant, grinning from ear to ear, advanced with a red-covered book in his hand, which he offered to Ambrose.

"What in the world do you want me to do with an Army and Navy Stores list?"

"I thought that somebody was asking me two hours ago what the 'List of the A.A.N.S.' could mean. What price the catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores?"

"No, no, my dear boy. No one could possibly make a cipher out of that."

"I suppose not. Please take the book now, and turn to the green pages at the beginning which have got Roman numbers printed on them. The first number I call out means the page; the second number, the column in the page; and the third, if it is marked *plus*, shows you the number from the *top* of the column; if it is marked *minus*, the number from the *bottom* of the column. Would you please write down each word as you call it out, and number it? I'll sing out the numbers on the paper. Are you ready, Mr. Ambrose?—XXIII, column 3, bottom word."\*

"'Air-beds,'" answered Ambrose, turning over the green pages.

"LXVII, column 6, 13 from the bottom."

"'Raidisseurs galvanized.'"

"XLV, column 6, top one."

"'Friars' Balsam.'"

"Page XXXIX, column 6, 37 from the bottom."

"'Day-books.'"

\* These events occurred in December 1914. It was, therefore, a Stores Catalogue for 1914 that Ambrose and P.J. consulted. In the catalogues of later years the positions of the words may be slightly altered.

"Page LX, column 4, 40 from the top."

"'Night-caps.'"

"Page XLI, column 6, 3 from the top."

"'Eastern Goods.'"

"Page XXXVIII, column 2, 11 from the top."

"'County Lieutenant's Uniform.'"

"Page LXXIX, column 4, 16 from the top."

"'Ties, Gentlemen's.'"

"Page LX, column 5, 26 from the top."

"'Norwich Biscuits.'"

"Page LXX, column 5, 11 from the top. This is the end of it."

"'Sandringham Dairy Herd Recorder.'"

"Now, would you mind reading me out your numbered list, Mr. Ambrose?"

"Certainly:

"1. 'Air-beds.'"

"2. 'Raidisseurs galvanized.'"

"3. 'Friars' Balsam.'"

"4. 'Day-books.'"

"5. 'Night-caps.'"

"6. 'Eastern Goods.'"

"7. 'County Lieutenant's Uniform.'"

"8. 'Ties, Gentlemen's.'"

"9. 'Norwich Biscuits.'"

"10. 'Sandringham Dairy Herd Recorder.'"

"It's a long, and no doubt an interesting list of goods," continued Ambrose, "but I confess that I don't quite see the use of it, my dear boy."

"No, but if you will take the first syllable only of each word, except No. 6 and No. 9, where you have got to take two syllables, and No. 10, where you take three syllables, I think that you will find it more interesting. The syllables are all marked here."

"'Air-raid Friday night,'" began Ambrose, "'Eastern Counties, Norwich, Sandringham.'" By George! Good boy indeed! You have done a real big thing this time. How in the name of fortune did you get hold of that? This information is of immense value. You seem to be a born cipher-expert, P.J.!" cried Ambrose, thumping his young assistant heartily on the back. "I must be off at once to Scotland Yard," he continued. "There are the Navy people to notify, and the Anti-Aircraft people, and a great many more. I haven't a moment to lose. I'll tell them to send you up something to eat here, and you'll find plenty of books to read. I daresay that you can shift for yourself."

"I must tell you how I got the idea," said P.J., his face glowing. "I was talking in the hall to Evans about Egypt, and crocodiles, and the Camel Corps, when I saw a cock-eyed fellow making notes in pencil out of a big book he was looking at. I went up to the table and pretended to look out a train, just to see what the book was. It was the Stores Catalogue, and it just came to me that 'A.A.N.S.' must mean Army and Navy Stores. The rest was quite easy. It was the Roman figures the index is numbered with—you know, the green pages—that first put me on the track. You see now that one jolly well *can* make a cipher out of the Stores Catalogue. I shall be all right here, if you can give me a Bradshaw to read. I'd far sooner



read Bradshaw than anything else. There's always something new in it, though I know it almost by heart. I shall be quite happy with a Bradshaw."

Evans, the lift-man, entered with a note.

"Brought by hand, sir," he said. "No answer."

"I shall expect some one here between three and four, Evans," said Ambrose, after reading the note. "I may not be back by then, so you will show the man into Major Turner's flat, and he can wait there for me."

"Very good, sir. There's a nice fire in the Major's sitting-room."

"The man who came to see me this morning," went on Ambrose, after Evans had left the room, "was to have returned here at three. He now writes to say that he is too unwell to come himself, but that a friend of his with equal knowledge will come in his place. I allow no strangers in these rooms in my absence, there are too many important documents here. My friend, Major Turner, who has the corresponding flat to the back, is kind enough to let me use his sitting-room for interviews. Major Turner's tastes are simple; his flat is almost bare of furniture, and there are no incriminating papers of any sort there. You, of course, can come in here when you like. I shall be back before four."

After his solitary repast, Mr. Davenant studied Bradshaw with much interest, and amused himself with a game of his own devising, by seeing how he could journey in the shortest time and with the fewest changes from, say, Bodmin in Cornwall to Bodorgan in Anglesea, or from Whitland in Carmarthenshire to Whitehouse in Aberdeenshire. This method of travel, besides taxing the intellect pleasantly, had the advantage of being very economical. His constitutional inability to keep silence for long then induced him to go downstairs, and seek the companionship of his new friend Evans.

Evans needed but little inducement to embark on a fresh chapter of reminiscences, this time about India. The old soldier, as he warmed to his work, was inclined to be long-winded, tugging perpetually at the waxed points of his grizzled moustache.

P.J.'s attention wandered a little, for he was wondering how he could manage to secure a look at Ambrose's visitor, who, for some reason he could not explain, would, he felt certain, prove to be the man with the dark moustache and the squint he had seen in the hall that morning.

The lift meanwhile was constantly ascending and descending with passengers, under the guidance of the stolid page-boy.

"That will do now, 'Enery. You can be off," cried Evans at length; and he added in explanation, "This is 'Enery's afternoon off."

A sudden inspiration leapt into P.J.'s brain.

"Where does Henry keep his clothes, Evans?" he asked.

"Down in the basement, sir."

Five minutes later Henry crossed the hall in plain clothes on his way out. To his immense surprise, P.J. asked him to stand back to back with him, in

order to compare their respective sizes. Their height was identical.

"Evans," said P.J. in his most insinuating tones, "it would be awful fun to work the lift for an hour or so. I can drive a car, so I ought to be able to run a lift, and Henry and I are just the same size."

Evans was staggered at the idea at first, but allowed himself to be wheedled into reluctant acquiescence. He undertook to bring Henry's livery up into Ambrose's flat.

"You must do things properly, Evans," stipulated P.J. "You must call me 'Enery, and you must curse me, just as you do the real 'Enery."

Evans explained the mechanism of the lift, and P.J. ran upstairs, to descend in ten minutes' time in an almost skin-tight suit, lavishly adorned with buttons.

"I feel exactly as if I were in my underclothes, Evans," he said. "Where on earth do page-boys put their things? There's no room for anything anywhere."

Rather forgetting the part he was supposed to be playing, he remained in conversation with Evans when a lady entered the building, to be abruptly recalled to his new position by Evans remarking, with well-assumed sharpness,—

"You ain't paid to 'ang about 'ere, 'Enery. Take the lady up to the third floor at once."

Chuckling inwardly, he entered on his new duties with immense glee, and when, after an hour of ascending and descending, the novelty began to wear off, he amused himself by pretending to work a Tube lift, muttering *sotto voce*, "All tickets ready. No smoking in the lift. Pawss along the lift, please. Pawss along." He varied this by little excursions into the street; but though he whistled loudly through his teeth, as he felt sure that the real lift-boy would have done, no one paid the slightest attention to him.

At length a man inquired at the door for Mr. Ambrose, and the temporary lift-boy recognized at once in the visitor the man with the dark moustache and the squint who had been consulting the Stores Catalogue in the hall that morning.

The new page took him up in the lift, opening the door of Major Turner's flat with the key Evans had given him, made up the fire, and left him. P.J. then informed Evans that he had had enough of acting lift-boy, and went upstairs to change, but sitting down to rest for a moment before doing so, he fell fast asleep in front of the fire. He was roused by being shaken roughly, whilst Ambrose's voice inquired angrily, "What on earth is the meaning of this, Henry?"

Ambrose's astonishment at finding that the wearer of the page's livery was not the wooden-faced Henry, but his own youthful assistant, was so comical that P.J. went into fits of laughter.

"You never saw the man with the cock-eye, Mr. Ambrose. I did—when he was making notes out of the Stores Catalogue. I wanted to see if the man who came to see you was the same chap, so I just became the lift-boy for a little while. It's been great



fun, though these togs are so tight that you couldn't get a threepenny bit into the pockets. Look at the stripes down my bags; rather smart, eh? It *was* the same man all right. Did you ever see so many buttons on one jacket in your life?"

"What a boy you are for doing unexpected things! You had better change now, for a man is coming to tea with me. His name is Macdonald, and he is really coming to test your German, and to see whether it would pass muster with a native. Macdonald, though a Scotsman, has lived so long in Germany that he is practically a German. I may tell you in strict confidence that he—does for us on the Continent what I do here."

"Do you mean that he is a British spy, Mr. Ambrose?" asked P.J. bluntly.

"No, no; an Intelligence Officer."

"I say, Mr. Ambrose, do let me keep on these togs. It will be such fun to see Mr. Macdonald's face when the lift-boy talks to him in German. Let me bring in the tea, too, and wait on you. I've never done it before, and it will be rather a joke. I'll try and not smash anything, but I'm a little unlucky at times."

"Well, do it if you like, but don't break more of my china than you can help. I may tell you that Jones, our friend of the other night, had my orders to shadow the cross-eyed man when he left this building, so you need not be concerned about him. He calls himself William Greenwood now, and is a naturalized British subject. Twelve months ago his name was Wilhelm Grünebaum."

The Intelligence Officer duly arrived, and gave a distinct jump when the fair-haired page-boy, who was setting out the tea, addressed him in fluent German.

"It's all right, Macdonald," laughed Ambrose. "That is my young translator, Davenant, though he has broken out into an eruption of buttons for some freak of his own. He doesn't usually wear them. I wish that you would test his German."

The Intelligence Officer held a lengthy conversation with P.J.

"He would pass anywhere, Ambrose," he pronounced at length. "There is no trace of the foreigner about him; but you must have learnt your German in Bavaria, my boy. You have the Bavarian trick of clipping your words."

"Yes, we lived at Bischofsgrün and at Neuenmarkt-Wirsberg in Bavaria."

"Anyhow, I pass you with honours as an interpreter."

(To be continued.)

\* \* \*

A POLICEMAN who had caught a man stealing was taking him to the police station when the man's cap was blown off. The man turned to the policeman and said, "May I run after my cap?" The policeman answered, "No fear; if you run after it you'll never come back. You stay here and I'll run after it."

Sent in by DAVID ROBERTS,  
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

## Radio-Telephony and Broadcasting

(Continued)

THE most popular development of Radio-telephony is broadcasting, extremely popular in 1922 in America, and now coming into its own in this country.

It is an old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." When broadcasting was commenced in America in November 1920, it was hailed as an innovation, and the latest achievement in science. Bearing this in mind, it is exceedingly interesting to find that in August 1877, when Edison was experimenting with his telephone, an experimental concert, sent over a telegraph wire from New York to Saratoga Springs, was accidentally picked up, through induction, by a Bell telephone experimenter on a private telegraph wire in Albany, N.Y. Further experiments, with wires running parallel to Edison's wire, resulted in the concert being heard as before. It was reported that "the music came through perfectly clearly, and the tunes were distinguishable without the least difficulty." When the instrument was later placed in circuit on one of the wires from Albany to New York, "the music was heard much louder, so that by placing the telephone in the centre of the room persons seated around could hear with perfect distinctness." These experiments were carried out on six occasions, concerts being given in the Western Union Office, New York, "for the benefit of audiences in Saratoga, Troy, and Albany respectively. The performers sang or played into an Edison musical telephone, actuated by a powerful battery." All this took place nearly fifty years ago!

Two other investigators received the concerts, although situated in Providence, 200 miles away. The manner in which they came to be able to hear the concert is interesting. The line wire from the Western Union Office ran to Albany alongside the Harlem Railway. For 16 miles the same poles carried four other wires running to Providence, and a fifth wire from Boston to Providence. All had a common earth connection in New York. At Providence there were six New York and Boston lines running on the same poles for nearly 1,000 feet with a local wire. Thus the music from the Albany wire passed to the parallel New York-Providence lines, from these to the local wire at Providence, and then to the district wire, which the listeners were using for ordinary conversation when they heard the music.

One of the earliest transmissions of broadcast was probably that referred to by Dr. de Forest, the in-



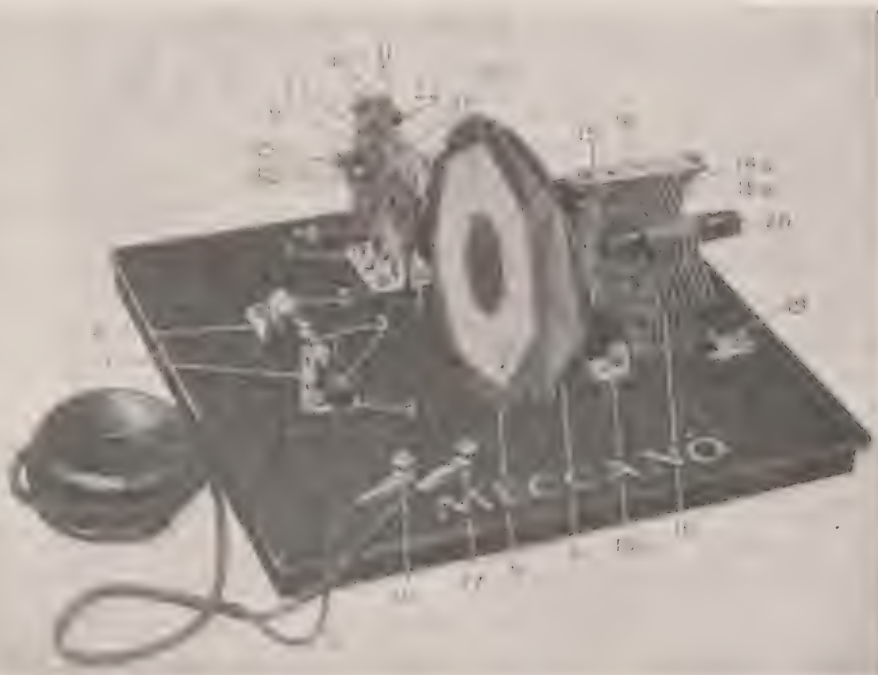
inventor of the three-electrode valve, when he opened the 1922 Boston (U.S.A.) Radio Exhibition. "It was in the summer of 1907," he said, "that I had the pleasure and the thrill of first sending out music such as that now being daily broadcast. This was from a little laboratory on the top floor in the old Parker Buildings in New York, from the roof of which an aerial was stretched between two flagpoles. It was in testing some twenty small telephone transmitters for installation on Admiral Evans's battle-ships and destroyers, prior to their historic round-the-world cruise, that the phonograph was first used for broadcasting. During those busy nights and days, the ether around New York was kept thoroughly agitated with music from *Il Trovatore*, and more than one ship's operator, working with the (then) new carborundum crystal detector, had sudden doubts as to his sanity, or sobriety, for above the rattle of the 100-cycle spark he heard, distinct and clear, real music or human voices."

In America the reception of Radio broadcast was extremely popular in 1921-2, but more recently has decreased somewhat in interest. This is said to be due to the decline in the standard of the programmes broadcast by the various stations. In the United States there are some 550 broadcasting stations, including the well-known stations at Springfield (Mass.), Schenectady and Newark (N.J.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Chicago (Ill.), and Detroit (Mich.). They transmit daily programmes, and have a normal range of several hundred miles. During 1921-2 the number of listeners-in grew with great rapidity. Secretary Hoover, of the U.S. Department of Commerce, stated that, although there were only 50,000 Radio receiving sets in use during 1921, he thought that by March the following year it was reasonable to place the number at 100,000. In those cities where broadcasting stations are installed, every city block was said to have several receivers, and it was estimated that over 1,500,000 were in use at the end of 1922.

Broadcasting on an organized scale commenced in November 1920, being first carried out by the Westinghouse Company from their station at Newark, New Jersey. The aerial of this station, familiarly known by the call letters of "WJZ," is mounted on two 120-foot steel masts. By fixing these on the roof of the Westinghouse factory, the aerial attains a total height of 200 feet above the ground. The antennæ consist of six wires strung between two 20-foot spreaders, about 150 feet apart. Directly below, and 12 feet from the roof, is a multiple-wire counterpoise, or

"artificial earth," an arrangement found very efficient for short wave transmission.

The transmitting apparatus is contained in a small cabin built on the roof of the factory, and performers render their songs or music in a studio on the main floor of the factory building. The studio is connected by telephone with the operating cabin, a special signal-board (on which are mounted coloured electric lights, control switches, etc.) being fixed in the studio. Here absolute silence must be observed, for every sound is broadcast to tens of thousands of listeners-in. For



A Crystal Receiving Set built from Meccano Parts.  
(Photograph, Meccano Ltd.)

this reason lights are employed for signalling, and instruction cards exhibited in place of the spoken word. When broadcasting is about to commence, the operator on the roof brings the transmitter into action, and at once transfers the controls to the studio. At the same time he switches on a light on the studio signal-board, indicating that this has been done. The opening item of the programme is then announced by the "stage-manager," the artist introduced, and the "pick-up," or microphone, switched into operation. The type of microphone used depends on the character of the broadcast. Special cylinder-shaped microphones are used for music in place of those of the ordinary telephone transmitter type used for speech. Large disc-shaped microphones give better transmission for chorus-singing and orchestras.

In the autumn of 1922 the leading Radio-manufacturers of Great Britain formed the British Broadcasting Company, for the purpose of organizing broadcast in certain specified areas. Stations have been established in London (Marconi House), Birmingham



(Witton), Manchester (Trafford Park), Newcastle, Cardiff, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and are in nightly operation, programmes and other details being announced in the daily press. An additional station is being arranged for Bournemouth, and a relay station for Edinburgh.

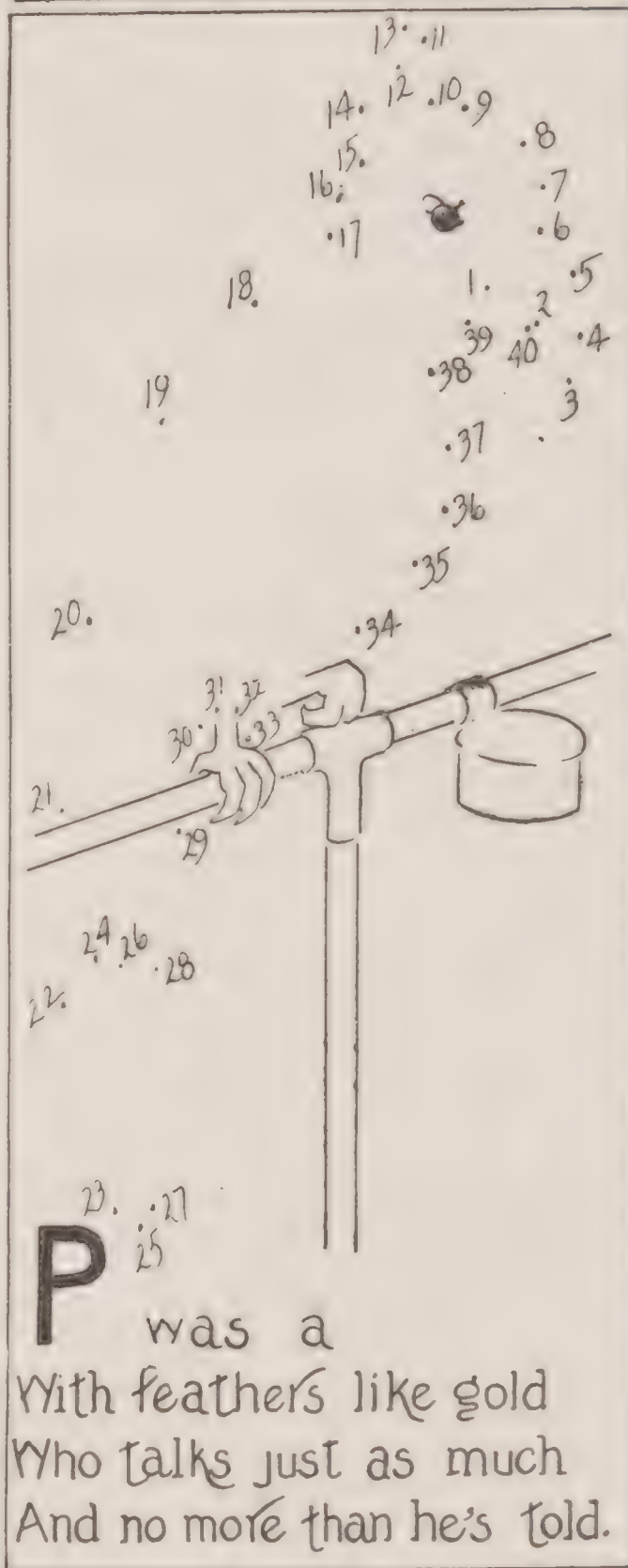
At first broadcast was confined to items of news and selections on the gramophone, but as popular taste became more exacting, the scope of the programme was extended. Sermons, lectures, talks upon subjects of general interest, and children's bed-time stories have been introduced. Vocal and instrumental numbers are now performed by artists at the broadcasting stations, speech and song being transmitted direct instead of from gramophone records.

In January 1923 an innovation was made by the London Broadcasting Station connecting up, by underground cable, to Covent Garden for the nightly transmission of the opera. This was a striking success, and was followed by transmissions from the leading London theatres. Among the items thus transmitted were "The Lady of the Rose," "Polly," "Battling Butler," and "The Last Waltz." This phase of the movement has now come to an end, however, for the theatre managers have declined to allow plays to be broadcast. Concert agents also have prohibited their clients from broadcasting, and such artists as Melba and others are not now to be heard broadcast. Whilst admitting that there are two sides to the question, one cannot but feel that theatre managers and concert agents have adopted a very short-sighted policy, for they at once put the listening-in public up in arms against themselves. This feeling will react against attendance at theatres and concerts organized by the said authorities in the future, whereas, had the matter been amicably arranged, the reverse would have been the result, for there is no more effective means of advertising than by broadcast.

As will be gathered from the foregoing, it is not necessary for a speaker to be at the transmitting station. He may broadcast by speaking into an ordinary land telephone at a distance, his voice being amplified at a transmitting station to control the outgoing carrier wave. It was in this way that (in 1922) an address by the Prince of Wales was broadcast to Boy Scouts. The Prince telephoned his speech from his residence at St. James's Palace to Marconi House, Strand, from whence it was radiated all over the country. In a similar way concerts may be broadcast from the scene of their performance to thousands of unseen audiences, or the broadcasting studio may be situated in one building and the transmitting apparatus and aerial in another. The

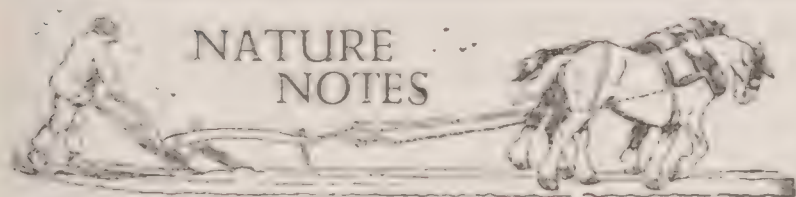
studio is, of course, connected to the transmitting station by a land-line or cable. Such arrangements are known as "remote control," and are also employed in the case of commercial Radio stations.

## MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE



Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.





## The Ladybird

(*Coccinella septempunctata*.)

GOOD behaviour is better than beauty; but if a person's life is full of good works he is none the worse for possessing a pleasing face or form. You know of insects which are not very beautiful to look at; and many others which, though handsome, are yet harmful in some way to man. A wasp is handsome, but we do not care to have it at close quarters! So it is pleasant to turn to an insect which, besides being very pretty, renders us important services. Such is the Ladybird.

It is a small beetle, belonging to a family which numbers about two thousand members. At least forty different species inhabit Great Britain, the two best known being the Seven-spotted Ladybird and the Two-spotted Ladybird. Both are bright red in colour, with black spots. The antennæ of Ladybirds are somewhat club-shaped.



LADYBIRD.

The mother Ladybird lays her yellowish eggs on leaves, in places where the larvæ will find food without trouble. What that food is we shall soon see. The grubs are dark, being often known as "niggers." They cast their skin three times. Then, hanging head downwards from the under surface of a leaf, they change to pupæ, which are often spotted, and from which the perfect beetles in due course appear.

The proper place for Ladybirds is out-of-doors; but now and then, in spring or summer, you will find one on the window-pane. If this should happen, do not upon any account kill it; coax it on to a leaf or piece of paper, take it to the garden, and there set it free. The rose-grower will thank you, and the hop-grower too.

Why? Because larvæ of Ladybirds live largely on aphides or "plant-lice," insects which "blight" our roses, ruin our hops and many other plants. The Ladybird lays many eggs; and the larvæ have large appetites, and help to rid us of great numbers of these

aphides. The following story shows what aid the Ladybird may give to man.

California in America is, as you may know, a famous fruit-producing State, with a delightful climate. Lemons and oranges are largely grown. All went well with the fruit plantations till, in 1880, an insect called the scale insect, which has its home in Australia, got on board a ship bound for California, travelled there, and bred and multiplied. The insects soon attacked the trees, nine-tenths of the whole crop of fruit were lost, and ruin stared the Californian fruit-growers in the face.

It was a Ladybird that saved the orchards and before long made them flourish as they did before. A learned naturalist travelled to Australia, the home of the mischievous scale insect, studied its life and habits, and discovered that it had a deadly foe in a bright crimson Ladybird. Specimens of this were secured, carefully packed alive, and dispatched with all possible speed to the anxious orange and lemon growers of California. When set free in the plantations the Ladybirds discovered their favourite food, the scale insect; the climate suited them; their numbers steadily increased. Since their coming the scale insect has had little chance to do much damage to the fruit.

There is something of interest about the Ladybird besides its usefulness. You perhaps know that many insects are examples of what is called "protective colouring"; that is to say their colour—or sometimes their form—is so like that of places where they live that they are not easily seen, and are comparatively safe from birds and other enemies. For example, there are in the Tropics insects called stick insects which resemble twigs.

This method of protection may be seen in certain larger animals. The hare is a feeble, timid creature, much in danger from the fox and other beasts of prey. But its dull brown colour makes it inconspicuous in the fields; and in Scotland and other cold countries this brown changes in the winter to pure white, so that the hare is difficult to see on snow.

Now, looking at our Ladybird, it is quite clear that it has no protective colouring; the bright red body, with black spots, is clearly seen. How is it that it is not seized by insect-eating birds?

Because old and experienced birds know better than to touch it; and if a young bird eats it he will soon find out that it is little to his taste. The Ladybird is wholly inoffensive if not meddled with; but, when disturbed or attacked, many of the species have the power of giving out a very unpleasantly scented yellow fluid. This is the Ladybird's protection from attack, and we are glad to think that such a benefactor of our gardens is made safe from danger in this way.



# STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



## The Greedy Lamb

"HAVE you ever seen a pet lamb?" said Bobs to his mother one day.

Bobs was a little boy who was always asking questions; and if he could only get his mother to tell him a story, he was quite content. He would sit so still that he scarcely so much as winked.



"Yes," answered his mother; "I had a pet lamb for my very own when I was a little girl."

"Oh, do tell me all about it," cried Bobs. "Was it very tiny?"

So Bobs and his mother sat down in a chair by the fire, and she began,—

"A long, long time ago, when I was quite a little girl, I had a great longing to have a pet lamb.

"My father owned a farm, and although I had lots of other pets, I was not content, and still wanted a lamb for my own.

"Very well," said my father, 'you may

have a pet lamb, but I am sure you will get tired of it and never want another.'

"But I did not believe what father said, for I thought nothing could be so nice as a little woolly lamb.

"One day we went for a picnic to a lovely valley where a beautiful waterfall leaped and dimpled in the sunlight, and then fell down, down, down hundreds of feet into the river below.

"Father and I were standing on a rock watching this waterfall and thinking how lovely it looked, when, all at once, I saw something that made me jump.

"Look, look, father!' I cried; 'there is something lying in the pool below. What can it be?'

"Why, I do believe it is a sheep,' said father. 'You stay just there, and I will go nearer and see.'

"O father, it is a sheep,' I cried, 'and there is its little lamb.' And I pointed to a ledge of rock where a tiny lamb was standing nibbling at some green leaves on a tree that grew by the water-side.

"Every few moments it bleated most piteously, and looked all round for its mother.

"But never again would it hear her bleat, for there, in the deep pool at the foot of the waterfall, she was lying drowned.

"O father,' I cried in great distress, 'what if the poor lamb should fall in too?'

"But father had gone to try to save it.

"Down, down he went, slipping and sliding on the wet rocks.

"At last he reached the lamb, and, putting it on his shoulder, he began to climb up the steep rocks to a place of safety.

"After much hard and dangerous climbing, he came back to me and said,—

"Now, my little girl, you have got your wish at last, for here is a lamb, and you must take care of it until it is old enough to look after itself.'



"How pleased I was, although I felt very sad when I thought of the poor sheep that had fallen into the water and lost its life.

"Well, we took the lamb home, and very soon it got to know me quite well.

"It would come running to me as soon as I called, and would drink milk out of a bottle in a very funny way.

"But oh, it *was* a mischief; and Jane, the kitchen maid, used to be very angry when it came trotting into her kitchen on wet days and dirtied the floor with its feet.

"One day Jane had made the chickens' food all ready, and put it in a pail, and placed it outside the door to cool.

"The chickens were all waiting for their meal and feeling very hungry. Jane went to the door for the food, and to her surprise and horror she found the pail upset and not a bit of food left.

"'Bother that lamb!' cried Jane. 'It has gone and eaten up all the chickens' food.'

"And just then we saw the lamb trotting off to the field quite content.

"At last it grew to be a very big sheep—too big to come trotting into the farm kitchen, for it was so strong and bumped against Jane so much that she would often chase it out with a broom.

"Then father said it must go into the field and stay there for good.

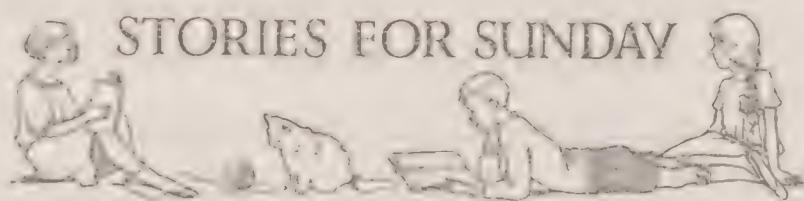
"'I am glad,' said Jane, when she heard about it; 'I hope we shall never have another pet lamb.'

"But I did not think so, for I loved it very much.

"Long afterwards, when I went to the field, it would come running to me when I called.

"So that was how I got my pet lamb," said Bobs's mother.

"How lovely it must have been!" said Bobs. "I wish I lived in the country."



## The Story of Saint Ursula

(Continued)

IT was but little time that Prince Conon lost before he set sail for Brittany. The great warships made a prosperous voyage over the sea, and sailed majestically into the harbour of Brittany, where the people had gathered in crowds to see the young prince who had come to woo their fair princess.

From every window gay carpets were hung, and the town was all in holiday, as Ursula stood on the landing-place, the first to greet the prince as he stepped ashore; and all that Conon had heard of her seemed as nothing compared to the reality, as she stood before him in her great beauty and welcomed him with gentle courtesy. And he grew to love her so truly that he was willing to do in all things as she wished, though he longed for the three years to be over that he might carry her off to England and make her his queen.

But Ursula told the prince of the vision that had come to her in her dream, when the angel had said she must first go through much suffering, and visit the shrines of saints in distant lands. And she told him she could not be happy unless he granted her these three years in which to serve God, and begged him meanwhile to stay with her father and comfort him while she was gone.

So Ursula set out with her eleven thousand maidens, and the city was left very desolate and forlorn. But the pilgrims were happy as they sailed away over the sea, for they were doing the angel's bidding, and they feared nothing, for they trusted that God would protect and help them.

At first the winds were contrary and they were driven far out of their course, so that instead of arriving at Rome, which was the place they had meant to go to, they were obliged to land at a city called Cologne, where the barbarous Germans lived. Here, while they were resting for a little, another dream was sent to Ursula, and the angel told her that in this very place, on their return, she and all her maidens would suffer death and win their heavenly crowns. This did not affright the princess and her companions, but rather made them rejoice that they should be found worthy to die for their faith.

So they sailed on up the River Rhine till they



could go no further, and they landed at the town of Basle, determined to do the rest of their pilgrimage on foot.

First they journeyed past the great lakes where the snow-capped mountains towered in their white glory, then up the mountain-road, ever higher and higher, where the glaciers threatened to sweep down upon them, and the path was crossed by fierce mountain torrents. But before long they began to descend the further side; and the snow melted in patches and the green grass appeared. Then followed stretches of flowery meadow-land, where the soft southern air whispered to them of the land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers.

Lower down came the little sun-baked Italian villages, and the simple, kindly people who were eager to help the company of maidens in every way, and gazed upon them with reverence when they knew they were on a pilgrimage to Rome.

Thus the pilgrims went onward until at length they came to the River Tiber and entered the city of Rome, where were the shrines of Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

Now the Bishop of Rome, whom men call the Pope, was much troubled when it was told him that a company of eleven thousand fair women had entered his city. He could not understand what it might mean, so he went out to meet them, taking with him all his clergy in a great procession, chanting their hymns as they went.

And soon the two processions met, and what was the amazement and joy of the Pope when a beautiful maiden came and knelt before him and asked for his blessing, telling him why she and her companions had come to Rome.

"Most willingly do I give thee my blessing," answered the old man, "and bid thee and thy companions welcome to my city. My servants shall put up tents for you all in some quiet spot, and ye shall have the best that Rome can afford."

So the maidens rested there in quiet happiness, thankful to have come to the end of their pilgrimage. But to Ursula an added joy was sent which made her happiness complete.

For the prince, whom she had left behind, grew impatient of her long absence, and had set out, and, journeying by a different route, had arrived in Rome the same day as Ursula and her maidens were received by the good bishop.

It is easy to picture the delight of Canon and Ursula when they met together again, and knelt hand in hand to receive the Pope's blessing. And when Ursula told him all that had happened and of the angels whom God had sent to guide and protect

them, the only desire the prince had was to share her pilgrimage and be near her when danger threatened. And his purpose only became stronger when she told him of the vision she had had in the city of Cologne.

"How can I leave thee, my princess," he asked, "when I have but now found thee? Bid me come with thee and share thy dangers, and if it be, as thou sayest, that it is God's will that thou and all these maidens shall pass through suffering and death for His sake, then let me too win the heavenly crown."

And Ursula was glad to think that, through love of her, the prince should be led to love God, and so granted his request and bade her companions prepare to set out once more.

The Pope would fain have persuaded them to stop longer in Rome, but Ursula told him of her vision, and how it was time to return as the dream had warned her. Then the Pope and his clergy made up their minds to join the pilgrimage also, that they too might honour God by a martyr's death.

Now there were in Rome at that time two great Roman captains who were cruel heathens, and who looked upon this pilgrimage with alarm and anger. They commanded all the imperial troops in the northern country of Germany; and when they heard that Ursula and her maidens were bound for Cologne they were filled with dismay and wrath. For they said to each other:

"If so many good and beautiful women should reach that heathen land, the men there will wish to marry them. Then, of course, they will all become Christians, and the whole nation will be won over to this new religion."

"We cannot suffer this," was the answer. "Come, let us think of some way to prevent so great a misfortune that would destroy all our power in Germany."

So these two wicked heathen captains agreed to send a letter to the king of the Huns, a fierce savage, who was just then besieging Cologne. In it they told him that thousands of fair women in a great company were on their way to help the city, and if they were allowed to enter all chances of victory for his army would vanish. There was but one thing to be done, and that was to kill the entire band of maidens the moment they arrived.

Meanwhile Ursula and her companions had set sail for Cologne, and with them were now Prince Canon and his knights and the Pope with many bishops and cardinals. And after many days of adventure the pilgrims arrived at Cologne.

The army of barbarians who were encamped before the city was amazed to see such a strange company



landing from the ships. For first there came the eleven thousand maidens, then a company of young unarmed knights, then a procession of old men richly robed and bearing no weapons of any kind.

For a moment the savage soldiers stood still in amazement, but then, remembering the orders they had received in the letter from the Roman captains, they rushed upon the defenceless strangers and began to slay them without mercy. Prince Conon was the first to fall, pierced by an arrow, at the feet of his princess. Then the knights were slain and the Pope with all his clergy.

Again the savage soldiers paused, and then like a pack of wolves they fell upon the gentle maidens, and slew them by thousands.

And in their midst, brave and fearless, was the Princess Ursula, speaking cheerful words of comfort to the dying and bidding one and all rejoice and look forward to the happy meeting in the heavenly country. So great was her beauty and courage that even those wicked soldiers dared not touch her, and at last, when their savage work was done, they took her before their prince that he might decide her fate.

Never before had Ursula's beauty shone forth more wonderfully than it did that day when she stood among these savage men and gazed upon the prince, as one might look upon a wild beast.

The prince was amazed, for he had never seen so lovely a maid in his life before, and he motioned to the soldiers to bring Ursula nearer to him.

"Do not weep, fair maiden," he said, trying to speak in his gentlest voice, "for though you have lost all your companions you will not be alone. I will be your husband, and you shall be the greatest queen in Germany."

Then most proudly did Ursula draw herself up, and her clear eyes shone with scorn as she answered:

"Does it indeed seem to thee as though I wept? And canst thou believe that I would live when all my dear ones have been slain by thee, thou cruel coward, slayer of defenceless women and unarmed men?"

And when the proud prince heard these scornful words he fell into a furious rage, and, bending the bow that was in his hand, he shot three arrows through the heart of Princess Ursula and killed her instantly.

So the pure soul went to join the companions of her pilgrimage and to receive the crown of life which the angel of her dream had promised her, and for which she had laid down her earthly crown as gladly as when in her peaceful home she laid it aside before she went to rest.

## Our Competitions

### Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than March 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

## Competitions for March

For all Ages up to Fifteen

VERSE COMPETITION

Write not less than twelve lines of verse on "March."

CONTINUED SQUARE

In this figure each dotted line represents a word, and each dot a letter. Guess the words from the definitions, set them down in order, and you will have a continued word square that corresponds to the figure. Each word in the entire square appears in both perpendicular and transverse position.

- |       |                                |
|-------|--------------------------------|
| ...   | A particular period of time.   |
| ...   | A firearm.                     |
| ..... | To go in.                      |
| ...   | Part of the body.              |
| ..... | A kind of puzzle.              |
| ...   | Employment.                    |
| ..... | To cut in two.                 |
| ...   | Just before.                   |
| ..... | Horses used to relieve others. |
| ...   | A monkey.                      |
| ...   | An adverb.                     |

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Tell in your own words the story of St. Paul's shipwreck.

DRAWING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing to illustrate any part of this month's instalment of "P.J., Secret Service Boy." It need not be coloured unless you prefer to do so.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Write a short essay describing the funniest thing you have ever seen.

TRANSFORMATIONS

By changing one letter at each step and making a new word each time change

Wheat into Clock in eleven steps.

Wheat into Bread in eight steps.



Black into White in seven steps.  
Bird into Nest in five steps.  
Lead into Gold in three steps.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a boy or a girl on a "Scooter," and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

#### For Children under Ten only

##### LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress, telling her what you think about "Birthdays."

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a copy of the completed Mother Goose Dot Puzzle on page 42, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

##### Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

##### A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.

## Prize List for January

#### ESSAY COMPETITION

*Prize-Winners.*—Dorothea T. Hepburn, 34 Hope Terrace, Edinburgh. Katharine Knox McElderry, Ardgriana, Galway. Mary Wingfield, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing. Kathleen Louise Priestley, Hill Head, Portloe, Grampound Road, Cornwall.

*Honourable Mention.*—Elsie Love, Clapham Junction; Robert Fleming, Strabane; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Leslie R. G. Betts and C. H. Brown, Southfields, S.W.18; Joan Prior, Chichester; Reggie England, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Margaret C. Cosh, Dundee; Louise Woolley, Fulham, S.W.6.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

*Prize-Winners.*—Barbara M. Smith, 2 Houghton Road, Dunstable, Beds. Florence Cook, 10 Doria Road, Fulham, S.W.6. Fred J. Chapple, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

*Honourable Mention.*—Adelaide Macfarlane, Bearsden, Glasgow; Samuel Roberts, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Richard Vose, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs; Albyna Milaszeuski and C. H. Brown, The Southfield School, S.W.18.

#### BUYING PRESENTS—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

(Uncle Benjamin had spent £9, 19s. on the presents, and, therefore, had £19, 18s. with him when he started.)

*Prize-Winners.*—Jennie Semple, Gallony, Strabane, Co. Tyrone. Joseph Russell, Liscreevaghan, Victoria Bridge, Strabane.

*Honourable Mention.*—Ruth Ormerod, Todmorden; John Patton, Sion Mills, Co. Tyrone; Leslie R. G. Betts and Hilda Stow, Southfields, S.W.18; Mary Glass, Belfast; Mona I. Warhurst, Sheffield.

#### SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

*Prize-Winners.*—Ruth E. Gadsby, "Road Meadow,"

Derby Road, Ashbourne, Derbyshire. Violet Lemon, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.

*Honourable Mention.*—William Hughes, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; May E. Millican, Aghadowey, Co. Derry; Olive Luxford, Christ Church School, Worthing; Phyllis Flippance, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Donald Macdonald Smyth, Strabane.

#### VERSE COMPETITION

*Prize-Winners.*—Hilda Youens, The Southfield School, Southfields, S.W.18. Nora Hambly, 112 Orford Road, Walthamstow. Dorothy Viner, 4 Brockwood Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

*Honourable Mention.*—Dorothy Ellis, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Betty Radburn, Fulham, S.W.; Martha McClung, Muckamore; Doris Bowman, Putney, S.W.5; Agnes Mawhinney, Dundonald National School, Belfast.

#### WORD PUZZLE

[The answer to this puzzle was Westminster Hall, the words required being: meat, whistle, lantern, wallet.]

*Prize-Winners.*—William Hughes, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay. Megan Williams, 288 Anfield Road, Liverpool. Winifred P. Godfrey, Valley Girls' School, Bromley, Kent. Doreen Dicks, "The Rosary," Milton Road, Portsmouth. Nora Hillis, 3 Colenso Parade, Belfast.

*Honourable Mention.*—Winnie Calder, Trinity, Edinburgh; Richard Vose, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Eric Winter and K. Richardson, Southfields, S.W.18; Alan Jack Edwards, Halstead; James McQueen, Stirling; Florrie Keaveny, Esh, Co. Durham; M. Haskell and Joan Waite, Milton, Portsmouth; Norah Tite, Verwood, Dorset; Aileen Campbell, Dublin; Ralph Macdougald, Ashford, Middlesex; Harry Kenny, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Jennie Semple, Strabane; Arnold P. Austin, Grange-over-Sands; G. H. White, Reading; Florence Bolton, Bromley; Joan Smith, Westbourne, near Emsworth; Maud Harman, Bromley.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

*Prize-Winners.*—Cyril Chelmick, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey. Wilfred G. Howard, 17 Reverdy Road, Bermondsey, S.E.1.

*Honourable Mention.*—Gladys M. Alexander, Southfield School, S.W.18; Gordon Robertson, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Joan Thomas, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Leslie Bland, Chadwell Heath, Essex.

#### LETTER COMPETITION

*Prize-Winners.*—Isabel Shand, Worsthorne Council School, Burnley. George Escott, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey. Doris Davies, 221 Lewis Buildings, Fulham, London, S.W.

*Honourable Mention.*—Margaret Frances Priestley, Grampound Road, Cornwall; Lucy Peters and Ethel Churcher, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Hilda Beach, Rubery, Birmingham; Amy Vickery, Halford Road School, Fulham; Peggy Hambly, London, E.17; Milly Wilson, Sunderland.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

*Prize-Winners.*—Stanley Gaiger, 15 Lennox Gardens, Ilford, Essex. Elfreda Elford, St. Mary's Vicarage, Horbury Junction, Wakefield.

*Honourable Mention.*—James Dornan, Saintfield, Co. Down; G. A. Irwin, Belfast; John Bridge, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.





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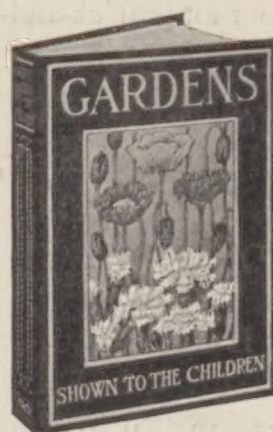
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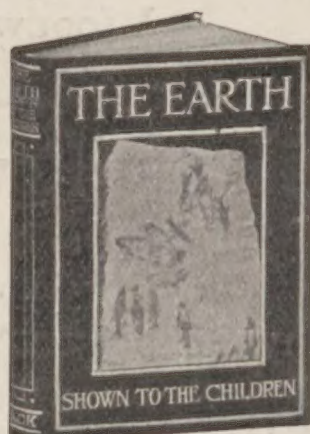
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